

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Right Honourable LLOYD GEORGE has referred to his opponents as "criminals." Well, they certainly seem to be doing their best to get into a Tariff Reformatory. \*

A correspondent writes to *The Observer* complaining of the uncomfortable seats in the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Lords. He suggests that they should be covered with morocco leather. We understand, however, that the proprietors do not feel justified in incurring any outlay at a moment when there is some uncertainty as to who would reap the benefit of the same. \*

We have sometimes heard of a man's heart being in his mouth. *The Glasgow News* tells us of a still more remarkable phenomenon. The Archbishop of York, our contemporary informs us, is "a Caledonian from his head to the soul of his feet." \*

The improvement in Trade continues to spread. The type-founders are now working overtime making asterisks in order to cope with the huge demand which has sprung up since the action of the libraries in regard to a certain type of fiction. \*

"Blue is a trying hue for most men," says *Men's Wear*. Certain novelists are now finding this particularly true. \*

Meanwhile, the report that a powerful syndicate of writers of pernicious novels is about to found a new library to be known as Muddie's is declared to be premature. \*

The expert committee of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum appointed to enquire into the authenticity of the Flora bust are rather hard on their own institution. They declare the bust to be one of the most notable acquisitions of the Prussian collection. \*

Suggested names for the two little Polar Bears who have just been born at the Zoo (only they must promise not to quarrel):—Peary and Cook. \*

"It is not every man," says *The Great Western Railway Magazine*, "who can boast of a family of the size possessed by a packer in the company's service at Taunton whose wife recently gave birth to her twenty-third child." But then the G. W. R. M. must remember that most of us would have a difficulty in

finding room in our homes for so many piccaninnies. A packer has peculiar advantages. \*

A "latherless leather" exhibition is to be held at the Eustace Miles Restaurant to prove that it is possible to do without animal skins. We wonder whether any other eating-houses will take up the idea, and hang out a notice:—

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER"?

LIAR!

TRY OUR STEAKS AND CHOPS. \*

An exceptionally cold Christmas is predicted, and *The Express*, which is always up-to-date, publishes a timely

you a few facts," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Carnarvon. No apology was needed. Any change in this direction is always welcome. \*

Mr. NOEL BUXTON, the Liberal candidate for North Norfolk, has acknowledged that he holds £80,000 worth of stock in a brewery, but states that this does not prevent his being a keen temperance advocate. It is a great thing to be Liberal-minded. \*

A lady writes to *The Express* asking parents, guardians, and teachers to send to her clever sayings of children for a volume which she is preparing. Since reading this our elders bring out a notebook whenever we speak, and we fear we are becoming horribly self-conscious. \*

A notable saying of the week:—The Mayor of CAMBERWELL (at a meeting of the Camberwell Borough Council)—"I will have no member of this Council called a baboon." Bravo, Sir! You show a very proper and manly spirit. \*

"Owner of Motor-car: 'Let me have my bill, please. I've had some biscuits and cheese and a glass of bitter. What has my chauffeur had?' Waiter: 'Salmon trout, half a bottle of Moselle, black coffee, and a cigar, sir!'"

"Owner of Car: 'Let me have my bill, please. I've had some cheese and biscuits, and a glass of bitter. What has the chauffeur had?' Waiter: 'Salmon trout, half a bottle of Moselle, black coffee, and half-a-dozen cigars!'" *The Statesman*.

This is one of those good stories which bear telling twice. But observe how the tobacco habit grows upon a man. \*

Mr. Punch greatly regrets that the following letter from the grocer

has only just come into his hands:

"SIR OR MADAME,—I respectfully beg to inform you that on and after JULY 6th I shall cease to stock Wines and Spirits, as I am relinquishing the Licence. My primary reasons are conscientious objections to same, also in view of the increased Cost of Licence."

Mr. Punch is only afraid that with the death of the Budget the conscientious objections may go too. \*

"Four years ago Dr. Warre resigned the Head Mastership, and yesterday he received a cordial welcome back."—*Morning Post*.

Another curious old Eton custom.

"Owing to the wind, a pinnacle from Bath Abbey during the night fell harmlessly within the palings. The River Avon rose five feet."

—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

The splash must have been terrific.



Mistress. "THERE, EMMA, THAT'S HOW THE GLASSES SHOULD GO."  
New Maid. "YES, 'M, YES. YOU SEE I'VE NEVER LIVED IN A DRINKING FAMILY BEFORE."

article, "How to enlist in the London Fire Brigade." \*

We cannot help thinking that people are jumping to hasty conclusions when they infer, from a statement made by some Eskimos to the effect that one day they saw a white house fall from the sky to the ground, that this was ANDRÉE's balloon. It may merely prove that there are jerry-builders in Mars. \*

"GOVERNMENT BOOT CONTRACTS" is a heading which catches our eye in a newspaper. We are not surprised that it should contract. It was predicted that unless the Budget were passed the shoe would pinch. \*

"I really must apologise for giving

## ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

"SINGLE CHAMBER."—You touch upon a very real danger. A distinguished Labour Member remarked the other day on being asked if he was in favour of the abolition of the Lords:—"What!" he said, "and let loose all those fellows on the electorate? Not me!" The prospect indeed gives us pause. Not only would all these Peers secure the franchise, which at present is denied them, along with women, aliens, and lunatics, but they would be allowed to stomp the country during Election contests and actually enter the House of Commons. We should say that one hundred would get there easily on their merits (lots of them have been there before), and another hundred on the strength of their titles, for the British public still dearly loves a lord. These would form a very strong Tory element in the Commons, and your alarm is most reasonable; for, as you remark with great propriety, the idea of a Single Chamber is only thinkable on the assumption that it would be permanently Radical. Our present deplorable system, by which at worst the Lords only check legislation without initiating it, is infinitely to be preferred to a Single Chamber strongly impregnated with the decadent and putrefying influence of the Peerage.

"BRITISH HUMOUR."—"That the crowd (in Trafalgar Square) was moved by a serious determination did not destroy the sense of humour which is never absent from a gathering of Britishers. The production of a turnip, deftly carved to represent a vacuous face surmounted by a peer's coronet, raised shouts of laughter when it was hoisted on a stick with the inscription, 'The eldest born.' You say that this passage, taken from *The Daily Chronicle*, makes you despar of British humour. Bear up; you have mis-ed the point, which is really quite a good one. You have forgotten that that great Organizer of Monster Demonstrations, Capt. HEMPHILL, of the National Liberal Club, only escaped a turn p face through his elder brother, Lord HEMPHILL, being born before him.

"CHAOS IN THE CUSTOMS."—If you particularly want to go to the Head Office of the Customs to make a sketch for your threatened masterpiece in the manner of the late M. GUSTAVE DOUÉ, we have no doubt that Mr. LAWRENCE GUILLEMAUD, Chief of that Department, would give you every facility for studying Primeval Chaos on the spot. Indeed, thanks to the present smooth working of his Office, he would, I am sure, spare time to give you a personal sitting as "The Prince of Darkness," or, possibly, as "A Dragon of the Prime."

"FREE TRADER."—Are you down-hearted? Don't be that. The prayers of every good German are being raised on your behalf, that "the glorious institution of British trade freedom may be triumphantly vindicated" at the polls (*Berliner Tageblatt*). As for Herr DELBRUECK, who says, in defence of German protective tariffs, "Under our present fiscal régime our industry has conquered the entire world," I should not pay any attention to such language. It is true that he is the Imperial Secretary of State for the Interior, but he is thinking of his own Interior and not yours.

"PENDULUM."—Yes, we have read Mr. BIRRELL's quotation from Mr. BURKE to the effect that "a change in the national spirit" is "the most terrible of all revolutions," but we cannot help you. Mr. BIRRELL may have been referring to the Elections of 1906, or, again, to those of 1910. It is not always possible to see clearly into the mind of a Cabinet Minister. Mr. BART KENNEDY, however, has that power, and you should consult him. But he is very busy talking just now.

"NATIONALIST."—If you have any doubt as to whether your Irish Representatives are on the side of the People in the great struggle now impending, you cannot do better than read Mr. JOHN REDMOND's open letter to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who has been going round America with the hat (dear old

U.S.A.!). In that pregnant communication he says that the House of Lords has "challenged the immemorial right of the people's representatives to fix the taxes and to control the finances of the country." We can well understand that your faith was a little shaken on the occasion when the Irish people's representatives refused *en masse* to vote for the Third Reading of the Budget, thus declining to exercise their "immemorial right to fix the taxes." But words speak more strongly than actions, and this letter should restore your confidence.

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."—Your brain must be on the soft side if you really suppose that the coming contest is between the Peers and the People. If it were it would be over before it had begun, since there are only a few hundred Peers and I don't know how many millions of the others; and, besides, the Peers can't vote. Of course the match is really People v. People, as it always is—each team playing at home. I see you are on the side of the People. Well, so are we. And, with any luck, we ought to win. O. S.

## THE PLAINT OF AN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

THEY thrust a nozzle down my throat, they pumped me into shape;

They bound my windpipe tightly that my breath should not escape;

They laced me in the spotless buff, I wore it with an air;

'Twas tight, but it was comely—and one suffers to be fair.

I was a gay and buoyant thing. Alas, I little dreamt

That all this bravery was doomed to ruin and contempt;

That, when they tricked me in my best, 'twas but to undergo

The ignominy of the mire, the insult of the toe.

Men leap not on the slumb'ring hare or meditating hart;

The very evil-smelling fox is honoured with a start;

But me, in most unknighly wise, they placed upon the ground,

And ten stern men on either side stood hungrily around.

Their boots were harsh, their eyes were fierce, their forms were scantily clothed;

Methought they glared on me as on an object that they loathed.

The sudden whistle pealed; and in a moment, like one man,

They seemed to fall upon me—and the jolly fun began.

They rolled me here, they drove me there: where'er I sought to turn

There was a clumsy foot to hack, an iron head to spurn;

Ever in front was one with poised and calculating boot;

Ever behind a brutal thud betokened the pursuit.

No hand was raised to help me; save for two apart that stand

Guarding the refuge nets, they shunned to touch me with the hand;

And these, when fawning I approached, but hurried me madly back,

Or punched me with the knotted fist, half-stunned, before the pack.

Buffeted, dodging, doubling, in my panic-flight I flew

Over the breathing-line—in vain; they haled me forth anew;

With monstrous bounds they savaged me, half-maddened by the squall

Of twenty thousand raucous throats all yelling, "On the Ball."

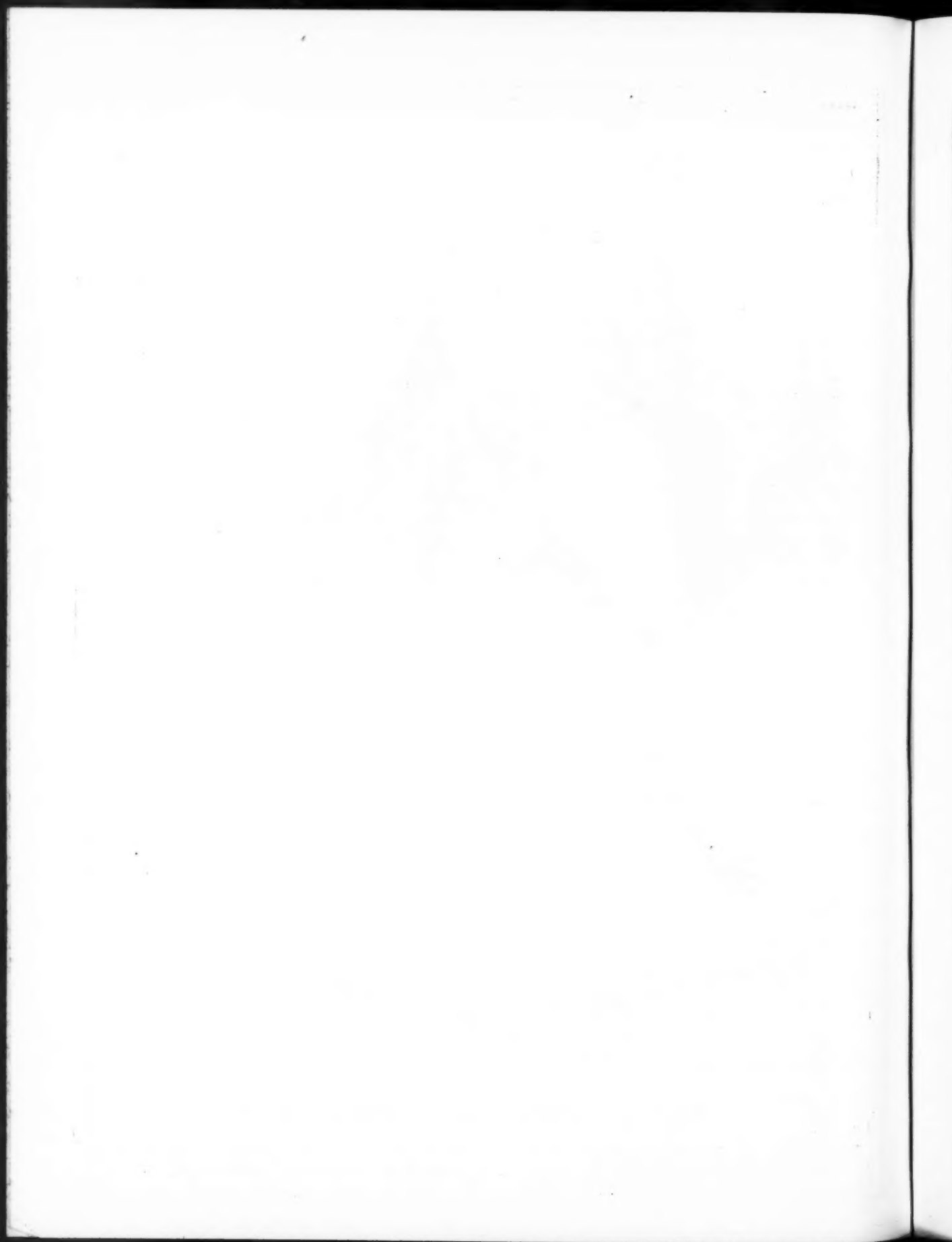
Their breath grew short, their eyes were glazed; but still in frenzied ire

They bruised me with their mighty feet, they rolled me through the mire;



### THE COLOSSUS OF BATTERSEA.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS (*to his native borough*). "SHIFT ME, AND YOU BECOME A 'BLASTED HEATH'!"  
["If he were defeated the borough would never recover from the indelible stigma of rejecting him."—Report, in "*The Times*," of Mr. John Burns' speech at the Battersea Town Hall.]







## SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 6.

THE LEAGUE FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SILENT INFLUENCE.

Till bloated, sullen, desperate, I let them do their worst,  
Hoping, before the crack of Time, with any luck, to burst.

Shame on the callous mob that cheered! Shame on the  
coward host

That fought to gain the privilege of who should hurt me  
most;

And shame on him that shaped me as an orange, to my shame,  
Not as my eggy kinsman of the Rugby Union game!

It is men's task to raise him up; from hand to hand he flies,  
Or, folded in their warm embrace, calm as a babe he lies;  
They spare to kick him in the wind, save with a courteous  
grace

That lifts him through th' empyreal air, soaring aloft in space.

Ah gods, the swelling joys of such a flight! What pride to see  
The world below, the wild hands stretched in welcome! And  
what glee

To flatter the expectant back, and then, with impish change,  
Dash edgeways down, and leap, in lively error, out of range!

What cheers attest his prowess as he travels high and far!  
What hush of awed suspense awaits his Crossing of the Bar!  
And ah, how sad to think that aught so vital should depend  
On being made all over round, or pointed at the end.

For we were both of like estate; but Fortune's fell employ  
Has made of me a rolling drudge, and him an eggy toy.  
And very much I would the boot were on the other leg—  
Th' Association Orange he, and I the Rugby Egg.

DUM-DUM.

## LITERARY NOTES.

THE success of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN's new novel, with the snappy title, *It Never Can Happen Again*, is said to be likely to inaugurate a new era in fiction. Novelists, who have ever been quick to discern the trend of public favour, assisted by their publishers, never renowned for an adamant and pedantic reluctance to assimilate their rivals' methods, have settled down to invent titles of similar discursiveness. Thus, Mr. JACOBS' new collection of short stories will be called *Those who go Down to the Sea in Ships*; Mr. HEWLETT's new novel, *They Love Too Much who Die for Love*; while Mr. DE MORGAN is at work upon *I Always Said the Thing was Extremely Unlikely to Recur*.

The recent decision of the circulating libraries to manage their own business in their own way has, it is well known, drawn from the Librarian of the House of Lords an eloquent protest. There is, however, no truth in the statement that Mr. GOSSE's letters to *The Times* have been bound in crushed velvet as a gift to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with a view to so placating him that he may relent and permit the House of Lords—and its Librarian—to exist, after all.

The notoriety procured for Mr. WILLIAM WATSON by his chivalrous description of a London hostess as "The woman with the serpent's tongue," has borne good fruit, and we are already promised by other bards "The man with the camel's hump," "The woman with the elephant's ears," "The girl with the hare's lip," and "The boy with the frog's march." Meanwhile, following time-honoured custom, "The woman with the serpent's tongue" is to be arranged as a more or less unclothed dance at the music-halls.

## LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have heard, of course, that in this happy country of ours we are soon to be plunged into the turmoil and terror of a General Election. Already in every constituency the electors are being adjured with every variation of menace, entreaty and cajolery to march shoulder to shoulder to a certain triumph, and to allow no rust to dim the brightness of their flashing swords. Not a single stone anywhere is to be left unturned, for who knows what stone may conceal a mass of votes sufficient to determine the issue? The party pamphleteers, too, are busy with their wares, highly spiced and admirably composed. It would surprise you to read their efforts and to find how infamous we all are. Within the next five or six weeks six hundred and seventy men, all, according to one view or the other, criminals of a peculiarly atrocious kind (since their design is to shatter their country beyond hope of mending), will be returned as members of the House of Commons, and the land will have peace.

My pity in the meanwhile goes out to the candidates. Theirs is the speech-making part. Night after night they must travel from place to place in the pursuit of a majority of votes, and every night they are to be seen and heard on platforms. There is my friend Butterfield, for instance. Butterfield is a good, honest, solid man, a member of the London Stock Exchange, who has been selected to contest a County Division in the interest of Tariff Reform and the House of Lords, two great objects which divide him and his from the rascallions who support Free Trade and the democracy. Butterfield has been a loving husband, a fond father and a pillar of finance in the City, "instead of which" he now runs about the country neglecting his business, abandoning his wife and family, and addressing political meetings. He tells me he has held more than thirty meetings in the past three weeks and hopes to hold fifty more before his polling day. He is no longer a man; he is an inexhaustible reservoir of words and phrases, which he pours out twice a night for more than half-an-hour without stopping. I heard him last week, and I am bound to say he did it admirably well.

What interested me, however, was not so much his speech itself as the thoughts that must have been passing through his mind as he uttered it. You'll say, perhaps, that a man like that can't think. You're entirely mistaken. While the pat phrases are tumbling out of his mouth he is thinking furiously, and his thoughts play him the most fantastic tricks. Let me give you an example to show my meaning. Butterfield's actual speech shall stand in the ordinary roman letters, while his thoughts shall appeal to you in italics.

You are to imagine a schoolroom in an agricultural village and an audience of fifty or sixty of the free and independent.

The chairman has had his ten minutes and has called on "our esteemed and popular candidate, Mr. Butterfield." Butterfield is on his legs. I pass over his preliminary compliments to the intelligence of his audience, and plunge into what I may call the thick of his speech:—

*Butterfield.* Why am I appealing to you? Why are we to have a general election? Because the House of Lords, in the exercise of its undoubted right—(Mustn't say they rejected the Budget. That would be giving the show away)—decided that the revolutionary proposals of this Government ought not to be passed into law without—(This sentence is getting a bit mixed. However, now that I've begun it, I must finish it)—a consultation, I mean, without submitting it to the judgment of the people. Is there anything wrong in that? Why, it is the Lords who are the true friends of the people.—(A voice: "Down with them!")—If my friend

—(It's that confounded Radical labourer they told me about. Why can't the beggar stop at home? What does he want to come to my meeting for?)—will consider for a moment he will see that it is his Radical friends who are afraid to consult the people—(The voice: "Not much")—while we are willing to be guided by them—(Better to leave the House of Lords and get on to the Budget and Tariff Reform). The Radicals are very proud of the Budget—(The voice: "They've a right to be"). Yes, it's the only egg the Radical hen has laid after all these years, and the poor creature's going about the country—(The voice: "The country's going to teach you your place")—and—(That rascal has put it out of my head. What was I saying?)—eventually they can only complain that the grapes are sour. Now if the Budget is such a miracle of fairness as they say—(There's a chap in the third

row who looks like a Nonconformist minister. Wonder if he'll be down on me)—why do they tax the working man's whiskey and his tobacco—(Voice from the third row: "That's better than taxing his food")—and how—(The Chairman ought to stop these interruptions and keep these fellows in order)—do they dare to come to you and call this a poor man's Budget?

There—I've given you a mere extract, of course, but it will serve as a sample of the rest. At the end the Chairman said that Butterfield would be only too glad to answer any number of questions. The questions were put right enough, but I never saw anybody look less delighted than Butterfield at having to tackle them. And this is the sort of thing he has to do every night.

Yours to a turn,  
AN EARTHWORM.

"The house must be suitable for the occupation of a lady, or one that could be made so with a moderate expenditure."—Adet. in "The Field." Money can't do it—you have to be born that way.



STUDY OF MAGAZINE COVER-DESIGNER EVOLVING  
SOMETHING NEW IN NECKS.



SCENE—Children's Dance.

"I SAY, CHARLIE, WHAT'S THE ETIQUETTE? MY NEXT PARTNER'S LOOKING FOR ME AND THIS ONE'S STILL HARD AT IT."

### SUPPRESSED EMOTIONS.

[Intending prosecutors will find all the information they require, except the Poet's address, in ARCHBOLD's book on Criminal Proceedings, under the heading of "Inciting to a Breach of the Peace."]

TELL me not in noisy leaders

Life is at its crisis now,

And the crisis is the readers' . . .

Where's this crisis, anyhow?

"Revolution, riot, chaos!

Consternation, uproar, scare!"

Save in one obstreperous dray 'oss

I've not seen them anywhere.

Not in him "the wave of passion

Which has swept the countryside;"

Startled by a latest fashion,

He, to show his feelings, shied.

That irrelevant excepted,

Of the many I have seen

Not in one have I detected

Feelings from his outward mien.

Manners, goings-on and faces

I have watched and watched in vain;

Active wrath 's still spent on braces,

Cursers mostly curse the rain.

People still enjoy their victuals

(Gourmands even ask for more);

Life has still its beer and skittles,

Things are as they were before.

If you've rightly gauged the Nation

(Meaning by the "Nation," us)

Let us all with acclamation

Step outside and make a fuss.

Let us do the thing by slices,

Take a sporting bard's advice;

If there's this excess of crisis,

Goodness gracious, let us *crise*!

### THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

*Damp* is very injurious to pianos. It is a mistake to clean them with a hose.

*Foreign bodies* in the eye should never be removed with a pin. Loosen all clothing about the neck, remove artificial teeth, and keep patient amused till the doctor arrives.

*Trousers* will last nearly as long again if worn only half the time.

*To tell* if a poker is really red-hot, breathe on it and apply it to the back of the hand.

*Freckles* can be removed with a file, but it is a tedious process.

*Earwigs* will not attack dahlias if you smother them in tar—either of them.

*To avoid* a pimple while shaving, cover it with luminous paint, and shave in the dark with a safety razor.

*There is no law* in this country against dropping a penny stamp into a pillar-box, unattached to a letter or other missive.

*A kick from a mouse* would probably not even waken a sleeping elephant. A kick from an elephant, on the other hand, would probably injure a sleeping mouse for life.

*Geysers* are met with in Iceland, where some of them throw up fountains of steam and hot water 200 feet high. In England they are mostly used for heating bath-water, and are seldom more than 3 to 3 ft. 6 in. high.

"The fire broke out about nine o'clock. The night watchman promptly gave the alarm by blowing the heap of ruins, only one block being saved."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Blow the ruins," said the watchman as he fanned the flames with all his breath.



## BARBARA'S PRESENT.

"If you *should* happen to be in Regent Street to-morrow at four" (ran the assignation), "just where what's the name of that street comes into it, and a lady in a very pretty new mauve coat and skirt bows to you, raise your hat and say, 'Crisis,' and she will let you help her with her shopping."

My guess at the name of the street was successful. I raised my hat and said, "Good afternoon."

"But you had to say 'Crisis,'" said Miss Middleton. "That's the password."

"I can't. I've sworn I'll never say it again. I took a most fearful oath. Several people heard me taking it, and swooned."

"But how do I know you're the right one if you don't say it? Well, I suppose I shall have to let you come. I've just lost mother; she went in at the silver department and out at the art fabrics—like people when they can't pay for their hansoms."

"Yes, that's bad. The accused, who appeared to feel her position acutely, gave a false address. What are you going to buy?"

"Well, I thought I'd just help you get your presents first."

"I'm not giving any this Christmas. I gave a lot only a year ago."

"Oh, but haven't they paid you any wages since then?"

"Yes, a few trifling sums, only—Quick there's your mother!" I pulled Miss Middleton hastily into the nearest shop and shut the door.

"What fun!" she said breathlessly. "Mother *loves* hide-and-seek."

Mrs. Middleton hurried past, covered with parcels, and dived into another door.

"It's quite safe now," I said. "Let's go and—"

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you?" said a soothing voice at our backs.

We turned round in alarm.

"Er—we only just—let me see, *what* was it you wanted?" said Miss Middleton to me.

"I don't really want anything. I was going to help you buy one of those—you know."

"Yes, but I've got that. I know there was *something* you said you wanted very much."

"Probably tea."

"Tiaras," explained Miss Middleton hastily. "Of course."

"Certainly, madam," said the shop-walker. "If you will just sit down," he continued, leading us to a little room out of the main stream of shoppers, "I will send somebody to attend to you."

We sat down mechanically. I leant my

stick against a show-case and balanced my hat on the top of it.

"Now you've done it," I said. "How many tiaras shall we have? I've got nearly four pounds."

"We needn't have any. We can say we don't much care about their selection."

"Or that we wanted one specially built for us."

"One goes into dozens of shops without buying *anything*," said Miss Middleton cheerily.

"I never do," I replied gloomily.

"Hush, here he comes."

An attendant advanced briskly towards us. I put my hands in my pockets and tried to count my money.

"Tiaras, madam? Certainly. About what price?"

"Tell him about three pounds eight and six," I whispered to Miss Middleton. "Three pounds nine," I corrected, as I ran another sixpence to ground.

"Here is a beautiful one at two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Too much," I prompted softly.

"Oh," broke in Miss Middleton brightly, "I'm so sorry—such a silly mistake! We wanted neck-chains, not tiaras! Barbara has a tiara already, hasn't she?" she appealed to me.

"Two," I said quickly. "If not three."

"I'm so sorry," said Miss Middleton again, with a dazzling smile. "The first gentleman must have misunderstood. Of course we gave her a tiara last year."

The man was disappointed; I saw that. But the smile melted him, and he went off in all friendliness.

"Tiara doesn't sound very much like neck-chain," I remarked after a pause.

"Oh, don't you think so? It depends how you say it. Same as Beauchamp and Cholmondeley."

"And what is it when pronounced properly?"

"It's a chain that hangs round your neck, and when you don't quite know what to say to anybody you play with it carelessly. Or else you finger it absently. Like men smoking cigarettes, only better for you."

"I see. Well, here comes a hundred of the best."

The attendant got to business at once.

"This one," he said, holding up rather a jolly one, "comes out at ten guineas."

"Tell him," I whispered to Miss Middleton, "that we've only come out with three."

"That's *very* pretty," she said. "Are those moonstones?"

"Yes, madam. The fashionable stone this year."

"It's more for next year that we want it."

"I should say this season. I don't think you will find a prettier one than this, madam."

"It's very sweet. But aren't they unlucky, unless you happen to have been born in the right month?" She turned to me. "When is Barbara's birthday?"

"May," I said unhesitatingly. "I mean March."

"Anyhow," said Miss Middleton, "I know it's wrong for moonstones, because I was thinking of giving her some two years ago, and it had to be opals instead."

"We both thought of it," I said.

Miss Middleton looked at me so admiringly that I began to get reckless.

"Besides, we don't know the size of her neck," I went on. "And she never smokes—I mean she never doesn't know what to say to anybody. So I think we should be making a mistake if we gave her this. I do indeed. Now if it had been anybody else but Barbara—"

The man looked from one to the other of us in bewilderment.

"If you could show us some hat-pins instead?" said Miss Middleton hurriedly, before he could open his mouth.

"This is excellent," I said, as he retired in confusion; "we're working down well. All we've got to do now is to wait till he comes back and then say that we're sorry but we meant hairpins. With hairpins you're practically there."

"Supposing they only had gold ones."

"Then we should point out that they wouldn't go with Barbara's curiously-coloured hair. You leave this to me. I can finish it off now on my head. At the same time I'm sorry I'm not going to spend *anything*."

"Oh but you are," said Miss Middleton. "You're going to give me and mother tea."

"Of course I am," I agreed.

After tea I went back to the shop by myself.

"I want," I said, "a trifle for about three pounds. A moonstone pendant or something. Yes, that's very sweet. No, I'll take it with me."

They packed it in a pretty little box for me, and I'm going to send it to Miss Middleton on the 24th. I am putting in a card with the words "From Barbara" on it. As I said, I am not giving any presents myself this year, but I do think that Barbara should repay at least *some* of the kindnesses which have been showered upon her so wantonly.

A. A. M.

"A good home wanted at once for small pony retiring from business."

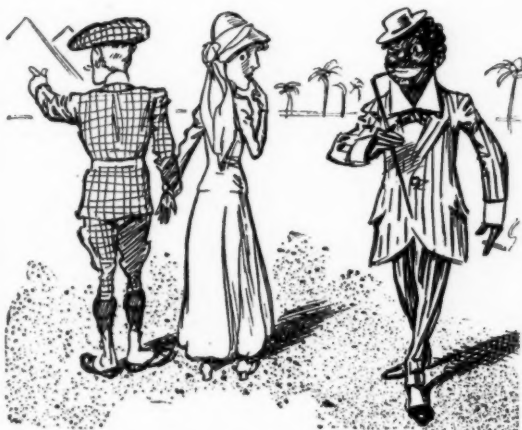
Dumfries Standard.

He will have to take up a hobby of some kind now—gardening or fretwork.



WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—II. MR. ROBERT HICHENS.



THE GLAMOUR OF THE ORIENT.



DEPARTURE OF THE HUSBAND.



BY THE MOONLIT NILE.



RETURN OF THE HUSBAND.



UNMASKED!



THROWN OVER!



Boy (having blown for taxi). "HERE, I DON'T WANT YOU. I BLEW ONCE TWICE."  
Cabby. "OH, I THOUGHT YOU BLEW TWICE ONCE."

#### For Christmas Festivities.

["To collect for its purchaser the life stories of fifty friends is the purpose of 'The Interview Book,' a novelty among this year's Christmas gifts."—*Daily Mail*.]

Mr. Punch has not seen the work in question, but knowing the tendency of the day to false delicacy he ventures to suggest a few questions which are probably omitted from it, but could not fail to add to the liveliness of the happy season which is upon us:—

Who was your father?  
How often was he a bankrupt?

Who was your mother?  
What is her real age?  
Do your parents get on together?  
If not, whose fault do you think it is?  
When were you born?  
Were you ever expelled from school?  
What is your income?  
Have you now become temperate?

"The Takin was not a new discovery, for it was known as far back as 1838."—*The Observer*.

It was known even earlier. There was an excellent one in connection with the South Seas in 1720.

#### CREATURE COMFORTS.

["What greater pleasure can there be to a private gentleman," says CARL HAGENBACK in his *Beasts and Men*, "than that of maintaining and establishing personal friendships with a collection of foreign animals?"]

For years I led a dreary life;

The days passed slowly, one by one;  
I fed the ducks, reproved my wife,  
Played HANDEL'S *Largo* on the fife,  
Or gave the dog a run.  
I neither realised nor knew  
The pleasures of a private Zoo.

I never loved a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
Nor ever to my lot it fell  
To know a penguin really well,  
Till, early last July,  
I bought a small menagerie,  
And oh! the difference to me!

Now, when my spouse, perverse or cold,  
Induces an attack of dumps,  
I feel encouraged and consoled  
When in their *manège* I behold  
My camels' greater humps;  
I fly from dear mamma-in-law  
To Kate, my talkative macaw.

When statesmen's speeches are disgraced  
By vulgar insults which denote  
A lamentable lack of taste,  
I seek my monkey-house in haste  
To find an antidote;  
I turn for manners to the lair  
Of Bosco, my performing bear.

Those "lions" whom we fête and feed,  
Heroes of sword or brush or pen,  
Are they more dignified, indeed,  
Than creatures of that nobler breed  
Which decorate my den?  
The more my fellow-men I view,  
The more I love my private Zoo!

COLDSTREAM.

AMÉLIE DE L'ENCLOS, we are informed,  
"reaches what is described as the 'four-lined C,' a note which, it is claimed, has never before been reached by a singer."

Hint for the lady's advt. manager:

*She was the first  
That ever burst  
Into the "four-lined C."*

"DAINTY: Always keep a lemon on the wash-stand. It will prevent the skin forming round the half moons at the base of the finger nails, and keep the latter in good condition."—*Manchester Weekly Times*.

Another useful tip to remember is that a pomegranate kept in the wardrobe prevents the hair from falling out.

"The Scherzo is a fine wild piece of music, always struggling to fly away into space, restrained by the Composer, ably assisted by the players."—*Madras Times*.

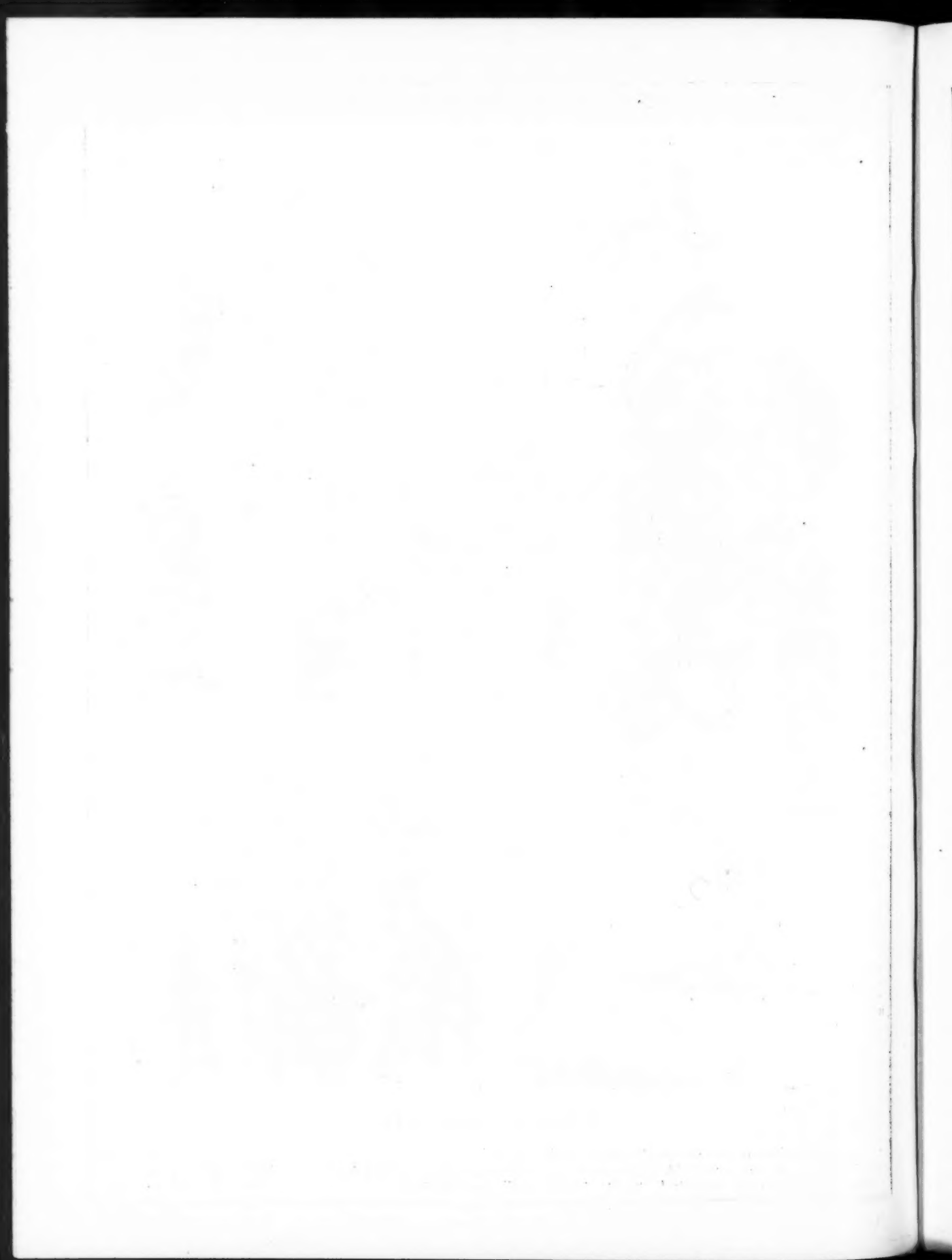
Why do the players' blisters hurt so?  
Because they're grappling with the Scherzo.

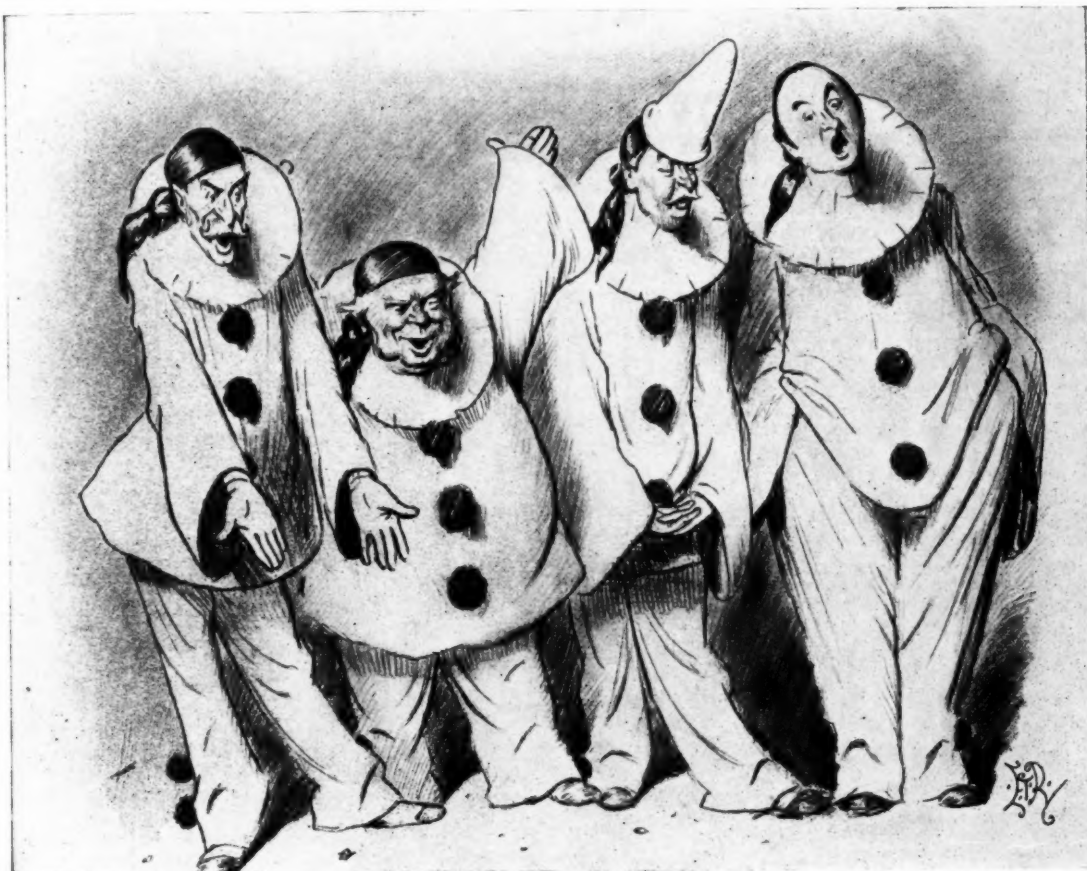


DISILLUSIONED.

AVERAGE PEER (on the stump). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN——"  
BRITISH WORKMAN. "'ULLO—WHERE 'S 'IS SINISTER EYE, AN' 'IS RAVENIN' MAW, AN' 'IS BLOOD-STAINED DAGGER AN' ALL, SAME AS IN THE PAPERS?"







### PEEROTS ON TOUR.

*Chorus (with conscious pride). "Yes, we sat upon the Budget on the flo-o-or,  
A thing we had nev-ah done befo-o-ore."*

*(Lords Lansdowne, Halsbury, Londonderry, and Curzon.)*

### THE FALL OF THE BLOOD.

I HAVE scarcely got over the shock yet, although it happened more than twenty-four hours ago.

We called the youth "The Pedigree Pup." He traced his ancestors back to the CONQUEROR. Not that there was much harm in that, but he was always ramming the allegation down our throats, and it used to get on our nerves. Otherwise he was a harmless well-dressed idiot. With regard to his pedigree, as a matter of fact, none of us believed in it—and in any event it seemed an insufficient excuse for him—and you may be sure his trusted intimates never lost a chance of telling him so.

But two of us felt sorry about this yesterday.

Yesterday we were out with him when on a sudden he fell heavily on his back on the pavement. A confounded piece of banana skin had done it. And when the

Pedigree Pup tried to rise he couldn't. With a groan he fell back again. At first we thought he was trying to draw us, but when we bent down to help him up we saw a sight which made us feel queer. Blood was trickling from the side of the Pedigree Pup—and its colour was blue.

You never saw such shame-faced sceptics as we were then. "We're sorry, old chap," we said, just before he noticed what we had seen. Then he looked at us reproachfully, and swooned . . . It was the work of a minute to call a cab and to rush him to a hospital.

Our feelings during the diagnosis may better be imagined than described. We had to wait only ten minutes, but it seemed as many hours. "If he gets over this, we'll never chaff the poor old fellow again," we said.

At last the doctor—much too young for his job, it seemed to us—appeared.

"Well?" we asked in unison. "Your friend has sprained his ankle," he said.

"But the blood, doctor?"

"What blood?"

"Why, the blue blood."

"Ah, I had forgotten that," he said, and smiled in what we regarded as a callous manner.

"We were fond of our friend," I said reprovingly. "In falling, he surely broke an artery?"

"A very natural mistake," he said kindly. "So many amateurs find a difficulty in distinguishing between an artery and a fountain pen."

\* \* \* \* \*

"For some informality in front of the Durham goal posts, Gamon had a free kick allowed, but he made a wretched attempt with him to shake hands and say good-bye, for he was later."—*The Yorkshire Post*.

GAMON must remember to be in time.

## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE BLUE BIRD."

To Mr. JOSEPH HARKER who painted the scenery; to Messrs. CAYLEY ROBINSON and S. H. SIME who helped him in designing it; to Miss INA PELLY who arranged the dances; to Mr. LYALL SWETE who produced the play; and to Mr. HERBERT TRENCH who had the courage to present it, I am greatly in debt for some extraordinarily beautiful spectacular effects in *The Blue Bird*. And there was M. MAETERLINCK, too. I must not forget him, for, after all, it was he who provided the matter to work upon. But he would have fared indifferently without the assistance of these others. I do not complain that his work was a melley of pantomime, fairy-tale and allegory. New dramatic forms are always welcome if they lend themselves to presentation on the stage. My complaint is that this is not good pantomime nor right fairy-tale nor sound allegory. As pantomime it has not stuff enough in it to go round, and it has too little "relief" for what stuff there is. As fairy-tale it lacks cohesion and really provides no story, as *Peter Pan* does, to hold the imagination of children. As allegory, it is wanting in the logical consistency that is demanded of symbolic work.

The main idea, I am authoritatively informed, is the search of Mankind after Happiness. But this quest is conducted in the most unlikely quarters—now in a graveyard, and now among the cavernous haunts of the spirits of disease and war and death. And, when one has the Idea symbolised by two little innocent children in search of a Blue Bird, the unlikelihood of this course of inquiry almost touches the limits of the grotesque. The fact is that a few disconnected ideas have occurred to M. MAETERLINCK, some of them drawn from the realm of poetic phantasy, others founded on hard fact: as that there are no dead; that those whom we call the dead are just asleep, and wake up to the old life whenever the living remember them—a very gentle thought; that Nature—both the animal and the vegetable world—is the enemy of man; that the dog is a beautiful exception; and so forth. A fairy poem might possibly have been built up round these ideas, with everything left to the imagination. But when you try to stage them; when you try, in the prosaic atmosphere of a theatre, to illustrate your fancy by

concrete instances, you are forced into all kinds of inevitable crudities. This peril does not escape the intelligence of M. MAETERLINCK, and so he attempts to disarm ridicule by a little merriment of his own, not always well-timed. Take the graveyard scene. He wishes to illustrate the poetic thought that there are no dead. So, after some incongruous frivolity on the part of the questing boy, midnight strikes, the lights are turned down, and when they are put up again the graves are seen covered with stiff rows of funeral flowers

impious laughter. Two children, blue and unborn, are already in love with one another; a third informs the little human boy, *Tyltyl*, who is only half his size, that he hopes shortly to become his baby-brother. *Father Time* seeks to relieve the situation with some mild facetiousness; but it is really the splendour of the scenic background that saves it.

I know I shall be called profane and a Philistine. I know that, if I were a good critic like the others, I should approach a work by M. MAETERLINCK with the awe due to a Master of Symbolism, and attribute any apparent failure on his part to my own want of poetic insight. Well, I must tear these reflections with what meekness I can command, and meanwhile invite the others to go and see *Peter Pan* once more, and recover their childhood.

The performance was excellent. Little Miss OLIVE WALTER, as the boy *Tyltyl*, was the best child I have ever seen on the stage. She maintained an admirable interest and curiosity in the various wonderments which it was her business to investigate, and did not attempt to conceal her very natural indifference to the lectures of which she was from time to time the innocent victim. I cannot share the general enthusiasm for the dog and cat, not caring much for half-human hybrids. Give me the uncompromising actualities of Drury Lane.

Next to the extreme beauty of the scenery (and I wish, by the way, that more gauze had been used to give the right vagueness to things of the imagination), I cherish most the memory of Miss INA PELLY as *Water*, a charming study in the manner of the nymphs of Mr. WATERHOUSE's pictures, and her exquisite dance in the Third Act. If only some of our "classical" performers had her youth and liteness and grace of limb.

As a great admirer of Mr. HERBERT TRENCH's enterprise, I wish I could forecast a long success for his latest presentation. But, in spite of its many delightful fancies, I am afraid that the children will want a more enthralling tale, and one with less of death in it, and that their elders will feel that in this effort to realise abstract ideas the stage, not for the first time, has overstepped the limits proper to its art.

But I am grateful to M. MAETERLINCK, for, until I had seen his *Blue Bird*, I never appreciated at its full worth the genius of Mr. BARRIE. O. S.



## VIVE LE SPORT!

GOING OUT AFTER BLUE BIRDS.

<i>Tyltyl</i> . . . . .	MISS OLIVE WALTER.
<i>Mytyl</i> . . . . .	MISS PAULINE GILMER.
<i>Tyld, the Dog</i> . . . . .	MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.
<i>Tylette, the Cat</i> . . . . .	MR. NORMAN PAGE.

(the critic of *The Times* pauses in his rhapsody to give a catalogue of their Latin names). A poet, just using words without pictures plain or coloured, and trusting a little to my imagination, might trace for me, in the flowers that spring from a grave, the symbol of immortality, and I should be content. But this stage-mechanism leaves me cold and sceptic.

I may add that the subsequent exhibition of a dancing skeleton in Act V. did not help much to confirm M. MAETERLINCK's statement that there are no dead.

Take again the pretty fancy of a region inhabited by unborn children waiting for their birth. Realized in concrete form, the scene invites to





### QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

IF YOU HAVE RIGGED OUT A GUEST TO ENABLE HIM TO COME OUT BEAGLING, IS IT PERMISSIBLE, WHEN YOU SEE HIM NEGOTIATING BARBED WIRE, TO REMIND HIM OF YOUR VESTED INTEREST IN A PORTION OF HIS WARDROBE?

#### A CASE FOR LOYOLA.

I MET him, where one meets most of the odd characters, in a public-house. He was drinking the national beverage, now reduced once again to its traditional price, and drinking it not the less readily on that account.

We had no introduction save the circumstance that we chanced both to be taking refreshment at the same time—and, after all, is not that a bond? He did not begin to talk at once, and very likely would not have done so had not a little man come hastily in, received his drink, laid his money on the bar without a word, also without a word drunk it, and hurried out again.

"You might guess a hundred times before you could say what that man does," said my neighbour.

I gave it up at once. He might have been anything requiring no muscle, and there are so many varieties of such professions. An insurance agent, but he was too busy and taciturn; a commission agent, but he was alone; a cheap oculist, but he would not be free at this hour. I therefore gave it up at once.

"He's a conjurer," said the man.

"Not on the stage: goes out to parties and smokers."

I expressed the necessary amount of surprise and satisfaction.

"Odd what different things men do," he continued. "There's all sorts of trades, isn't there? I often sit for hours watching men and wondering what they are. Sometimes you can tell easily. A carpenter, for instance, often has a rule pocket in his trousers that you can spot. A lawyer's clerk has a certain way with him. Horses always leave their mark on men, and you tell coachmen even in plain clothes. But there's many left to baffle you."

"Yes," I said (for I, too, am a "bromide"), "it needs a *Sherlock Holmes*."

"And yet there's some to puzzle even him," said my man. "Now what do you think he'd make of me?"

Upon my word I couldn't say. He was just the ordinary artisan, with a little thoughtfulness added. A small, pale man, grizzled and neat, but the clothes were old. The shininess and bagginess of the knees suggested much kneeling; nothing else gave me a hint.

"I give that up too," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you, because you're a stranger. I'm a worm-holer."

"A worm-holer?"

"Yes, I make worm-holes in furniture to make it seem older and fetch a better price."

"Great heavens!" I said, "I have heard of it, of course, but I never thought to meet a worm-holer face to face. How do you do it?"

"It's not difficult," he said, "to make the actual holes. The trick is to make 'em look real."

"And what becomes of the furniture?"

"America chiefly," he said. "They like o'd English things there, the older the better. Guaranteed Tudor things will fetch anything . . . we guarantee all ours."

"And you have no conscience about it?" I asked.

"None," he said. "Not any more. I had a little once, but there, the Americans are so happy with their finds it would be a shame to disappoint them. I look on myself as a benefactor to the nation now. I often lie awake at nights—I sleep badly—thinking of the collectors in U.S.A. hugging themselves with

satisfaction that a chair which QUEEN ELIZABETH might have sat in is theirs at last. Just think of their excitement and joy. No man who brings such simple and honest feelings to his fellow-beings is a rogue. You admit that?"

I am no casuist. "Tell me how you came to be a worm-holer," I said.

"It was out of gratitude," he replied, "to a dealer who had been kind to me. I wanted to repay him. I had no money, only ideas and some ability. He had up to that time been on the straight, as we say. I showed him how to make much more money and save himself and his family from ruin. He had no chance in the ordinary way; as a purveyor of spurious antiques—always, mark you, giving pleasure and happiness—he could succeed. "Because," he added, as he finished his beer, "it's not what *is* that counts but what one thinks it."

He wished me good morning and walked out.

"Good heavens!" I said again.

"Where am I?"

And I am still wondering.

#### A SPORTING TRAGEDY.

"Athletics," according to Miss MAY SUTTON, "are the best antidote for premature love affairs."

In early youth he loved and wooed,

And oh! his ways were wondrous gentle;

For sports, which he considered rude,

He did not care one continental;

But, though her heart he strove to gain

With many a tender word and deed, he

Found all his amorous efforts vain

Because she thought him far too weedy.

"The man who marries me must show

Some skill at outdoor exercises,

Have scored his century or so

And won his share of sporting prizes.

In time, perhaps, I'll love you well,

And may consent to have you by me,

But *now* you cannot even tell

A cut past cover from a stymie."

He strove to bang the hefty four,

He learned to bowl the googly twister,

To lean upon the lusty car,

Disdainful of the frequent blister.

All sports proved potent to delight

One who had been so limp a lover,

From over-flying WILBUR WRIGHT

To under-studying a shover.

But, though the prospect of her hand

First turned his taste in this direction,

Sport's fascination gripped him, and

Stifled his premature affection.

The passing years have left him free;

Her words on Man are simply cutting;

A solitary spinster she,

While he is—improving in his putting.

#### AT THE KNEE OF AN IDOL.

By ALBERT DE TOMPKYNS, M.P.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's fascinating treatise on the iniquity of riches, "The Camel and the Needle's Eye."]

... BUT while the possession not merely of riches B. D. A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice), but of wealth beyond the standard of a full competence, has been shown to be damaging to the owner and dangerous to the community, it would be undesirable to enforce an abstinence from the amenities of life calculated to interfere with the happiness of the Enlightened Unit.

In arriving at a clear definition of the sumptuary limit, nothing is more helpful than the concrete instance. Let us, therefore, begin with boots. Man is a walking animal, but unhappily, deprived of his pristine horny-footedness by the enervating influence of an advanced civilisation, cannot dispense with these cumbersome and costly leather cases. Under Socialism, as WALTER BAGFROT once acutely surmised, every man would have one boot. Possibly, if he were alive now, he might be tempted to add "and one roller skate." But setting aside this solution as alas! too Utopian, we have to ask ourselves the following soul-shaking (or shall we say sole-shaking?) question: How many pairs of boots ought the Enlightened Unit to possess without becoming a danger to the community?

Here the opinions of experts are in acute conflict. Lord ALTHORP, that stalwart Radical, has pronounced the irreducible minimum for a self-respecting single-chamber man to be sixteen pairs, and absolutely condemns the use of elastic sides. Sir JESSE BOOT, on the other hand, places the figure as low as six. We shall probably not be deviating from the norm of sociological exactitude if we split the difference, and say that the Enlightened Unit should not possess more than eleven pairs of boots and shoes.

Another cognate question of vast importance for the community is that of camels. How many camels may a man possess without incurring the stigma of opulence and passing into the dread limbo of mirthless misery, for, as Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE remarks: "A millionaire seldom smiles." Statistics compiled by Mr. GRAYSON reveal the terrible fact that the son of a peer recently kept a private menagerie. In Paris it is a common practice for decadent gentlemen and ladies to perform in a private circus. But the associations of the camel are such as to rebel the sympathies of all right-minded humanitarians. The camel suggests Egypt, that ever-present witness of our tyranny and

oppression. The camel has been celebrated by Mr. KIPLING, the apostle of a debased Imperialism. And lastly, in the witty language of that great theologian, BERNARD SHAW, "The man who keeps a camel generally gets the hump." Taking all these considerations into account, it will, we think, be readily admitted that there is no urgent need for a Self-respecting and Enlightened Unit to keep camels at all, but that, if he does, he should not run to more than four, or say two dromedaries. As the great NAPOLEON truly remarked, "*Il faut se borner.*" Before we quit this branch of the subject let us say that the question whether peers should or should not keep private menageries is implicitly answered in the title which collectively symbolises the credentials of our hereditary legi-lators—Lord No Zoo.

Another question of poignant interest at this moment is that of yachts. How many yachts, for example, may a baronet or, to be concrete, may Sir THOMAS LIPTON possess? Yachting, when the owner is a genuine seaman, is a healthy and invigorating pursuit? We think we shall not be deviating from the standard of good taste and economy if we say that no person possessing a full competence ought to own more than one steam yacht, one racing cutter, and three motor launches. A larger number would probably lay the owner open to a charge of ostentation, which, if he is a man of humane views and a supporter of the land taxes, might prove embarrassing to his *amour propre*. In this context we would also suggest with all respect that no Radical M.P. ought to give more than sixteen Fragonard dinner-parties in the course of a single season.

When we approach the discussion of the bi-cameral system in a fitting spirit of dispassionate detachment, a number of problems of vital interest literally leap to the eyes. How many times ought a "backwoodsman" to go to a Gaiety burlesque to justify his being denounced in *The Chronicle* as the "*ne plus ultra* of devilish decadence"? How many times must a peer succumb to inebriety before he is entitled to be called (1) a drunken helot, (2) as drunk as a lord? These are only a few of the perplexities which beset the path of the earnest sociological inquirer in search of the sumptuary limit. Sauerbeck's Index Number is no doubt a useful but by no means an infallible guide, and an emotional stimulus can always be obtained by the perusal of the treatises of Crittenden, Blamphin, Orella Corre and Alpheus Boker. But in these, as in all other psycho-political investigations, the honest observer should rely chiefly on his own prepossessions, eschewing the mirage of statistics and the *fata Morgana* of fact...



### THE TOY-SHOP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

IN VIEW OF THE TENDENCY TO REALISM IN TOYS, IT IS FEARED THAT VERY SOON NOTHING BUT THE ACTUAL ANIMAL WILL SATISFY OUR YOUNGSTERS.

### THE BIRDMAN

(By one who is a bit sick of the title).

His nerves are sublimely unflustered;  
Selecting a suitable date,  
He can vanquish the kite or the bustard,  
And storm at Olympus's gate;  
Behold him, my free Muse!  
Astounding the sea-mews,  
And leaving the petrel behind him pumped out and irate.

The lord of the welkin, the satrap  
Of fowls o' the air, he may spurn  
(As he sits in a sort o' a rat-trap,  
Tied up with a windmill concern),  
From the shrike to the hoopoe  
His subjects, and pooh-pooh  
The whole feathered tribe—till it comes to a difficult turn.

If I sought some aerial roamer  
To send Araminta my love,  
Should I turn to the strong-winged "homer"?  
Should I plead with the Paphian dove?  
Should I crave for the swallow,  
My fair one to follow?  
Not much! when the gyroscope packet is pounding above.

Old Jupiter's minions are jealous;  
The roc of the rose-coloured East  
And the birds of which scientists tell us,  
The stout pterodactyles (deceased),  
Would rise in their anguish  
From graves where they languish,  
To learn that the skies had been pinched by a parvenu beast.  
For observe how (to quote the reporter)  
The monoplane leaps from the ground  
(When the wind's in a suitable quarter)  
And after a bump on a mound  
Bolts up to the ether,  
All England beneath her,  
Twelve yards from the earth and completes an unparalleled round.

This only I ask of the papers  
That term him the prince of the sky—  
Can the airman compete with the capers  
Of gnats, when the sunset is nigh?  
Can they swoop like the creatures  
That tickle one's features?  
Or soar with the verve and the grace of the bluebottle fly?



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My private belief is that MAUD DIVER became so strongly attached to that excellent former creation of hers, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, that she wrote *Candles in the Wind* (BLACKWOOD) solely for the pleasure of bringing him into it. And small blame to her. Accordingly, when her latest hero, *Alan Lawrence*, has been brought to the last limit of human endurance, suddenly there enters, the god from the car, an English officer "whose fine-featured face seemed oddly familiar." So that was all right! *Desmond* locked away the too-tempting revolver, nursed *Laurence* through a sharp attack of fever, and generally straightened things up all round. Amongst other worries, *Laurence* was vexed with himself because he had fallen in love with the wife of Somebody Else. I do not think he can have read many Anglo-Indian novels, or he would have known that they seldom have any other foundation. Eventually, however, *Videlle*, who, to make matters worse, is tainted with black blood, dies of plague, and my only reason for sorrow was that this naturally ends the book, which, so long as hero and heroine were kept apart, was interesting, and even in parts thrilling. Not by reason of the plot, which, as you see, is no great matter, but for the setting. This is quite wonderfully well done. Miss DIVER's pen-pictures of the tremendous Afghan frontier bring all the romance and terror and mystery of this fringe of Empire home to the reader with a force that must surely leave the smallest Little Englander gasping and enlarged.



Salesman (lately promoted to curio department). "THIS NECKLACE, MADAME, WAS ORIGINALLY MADE FOR THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, WHO GAVE IT TO ANNE OF AUSTRIA. WE'RE SELLING A LOT OF THEM."

I like a book that flings a crowd  
Of fighting actors on the stage,  
With threats and curses shouted loud  
And pistol-shots on every page—  
A book that sends my heart, long pent  
Below, a-fluttering to my mouth;  
And that's what RANDALL PARRISH meant  
To make *My Lady of the South*.

It hails from Messrs. PUTNAM'S SONS,  
And when I say it hails, it's true;  
It fairly buffets you with tons  
Of points which ought to thrill you through.  
They don't—not me, at least—and yet  
It rather puzzles me to trace  
Just where our RANDALL fails to get  
His finger on the vital place.

The reason isn't that he bores  
By giving a transparent plot;  
Or that the Yankee Civil War's  
A hackneyed period; it is not.

He has an eye for types of men;  
He does not hug the beaten track;  
He starts his story well, and then  
He somehow seems to lose the knack.

The sex problem, it is true, looms frequently in *Love and the Wise Men* (METHUEN), but Mr. PERCY WHITE has treated the subject so amusingly and discreetly that it will shock the puritanical as little as it will entertain the prurient. "Modern education," says *Spenser Kirke*, "is suffering from the blight of a false delicacy which makes schoolmasters ashamed to teach the young that they are as much a part of the world as kittens," and obsessed by this idea he sends his nephew, *David Kirke*, and *Philip Herriott* to the Institution "Bard" at Rouen, in which the most modern system of instruction was supposed to prevail. The result, however, was that the two boys became intensely alive to the emotions which were to have been subdued. *Mme. Bard*, along with *Patricia Harcourt*, a charming girl who lived inconveniently close to the Institution, played ducks with all educational theories, and *David* and *Philip* left Rouen precipitately. After this set-back *Philip* went placidly to Rugby, and as he managed to go there in his sixteenth year and also succeeded in watching a Gentlemen v. Players' match at Lord's in August I think that he had more than his ordinary share of luck. *David's* education in the meantime was supervised by his uncle, and things went smoothly enough until *Patricia* arrived in England. Then, in spite of systems and philosophy, *David* fell in love, and so did *Philip*, and so, to round off the comedy, did *Spenser Kirke*—although his charmer was not *Patricia* but *Philip's* mother. Perhaps it

is a pity that the story does not end with the uncle's downfall, for *David's* pursuit of a wife is a little out of harmony with the prevailing spirit. Still, so full of delicious irony and so free from sarcasm is *Love and the Wise Men* that I am more inclined to congratulate the author than to criticise.

"In a letter to Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., Mr. Waldron states that the demands of his duties requiring my presence in Dublin, I make it impossible that he should stand as candidate at the forthcoming General Election."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

So if Mr. HARRINGTON has a seat which isn't yours, no doubt they are the ones.

"To-day's Cross-Country Passages.  
(By arrangement with the S. E. & C. R.)"—*Daily News*.

In disgust at our friendly hint, the S. E. & C. R. has (it will be seen) given up arranging the weather for cross-Channel passages, and now confines itself to the land.

From "Hints to Memsahibs" in an Indian paper:—

"To clean furniture: Rub on the following: 1 of beeswax to 1 spirit of turpentine; strain through coarse muslin."  
For heavy pieces of furniture the muslin should be very coarse.